

MOTOR UNION INSURANCE CO. LTD.

ALL CLASSES OF INSURANCE TRANSACTIONS

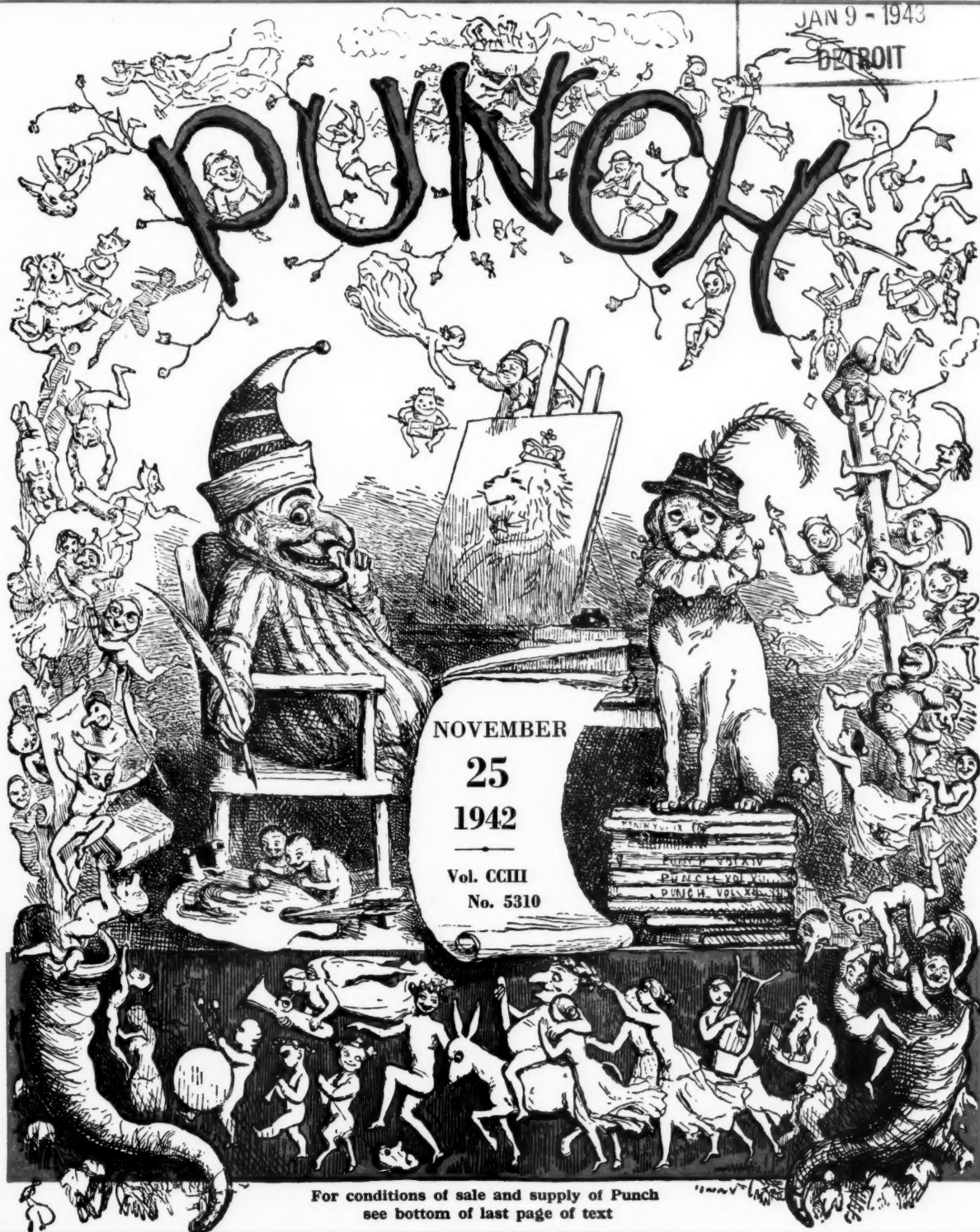


10, ST. JAMES'S STREET, S.W.1.

PUBLIC LIBRARY

JAN 9 - 1943

DETROIT



NOVEMBER

25
1942

Vol. CCIII
No. 5310

For conditions of sale and supply of Punch
see bottom of last page of text



BY APPOINTMENT TO
H.M. KING GEORGE VI

Imperial Typewriters

MADE IN
GREAT BRITAIN

FOR SERVICE OVERLAND AND OVERSEAS



Off to an unknown destination, by routes which may take him half round the world, an officer with 'Viyella' Service Shirts in his kit is well prepared to face any extremes or changes of climate. The smooth healthy texture, lasting colours and permanently easy fit of these shirts, in all circumstances and after any amount of hard wear and washing, are really something to write home about. In Navy, Army and Air Force regulation styles and colours from 18/2, collars 2/6. 'Viyella' Service ties 3/-. Stocked by high class hosiers and outfitters everywhere.

'Viyella'
Regd.
SERVICE SHIRTS

OVERSEAS REPRESENTATIVES AND AGENTS
THROUGHOUT THE WORLD



A.8b



WHEN baby helps himself to 'Vimaltol' he is helping himself in a very real sense. This delicious vitamin food will do much towards building up strength and weight, and reinforcing resistance against colds, coughs and other winter ills.

Give your child the benefit of the strengthening and protective properties of 'Vimaltol' this winter. It will prove a great help in maintaining health, vigour and sturdy development. All children love its delightful taste—it is just as nice as the most delicious jam.

'Vimaltol' is a product of the highest quality prepared in accordance with present-day scientific knowledge. Because it is very concentrated, 'Vimaltol' is most economical in use.

*Build up
Winter Health
with*

In two
sizes:
2/10 & 5/2

VIMALTOL
(VI-MALT-OL)
A DELICIOUS, CONCENTRATED,
ECONOMICAL VITAMIN FOOD

V115

**Switch off that
LIGHT!**

LESS LIGHT—MORE PLANES

THIS SPACE IS CONTRIBUTED BY
EDWARD SHARP & SONS Ltd of MAIDSTONE
FAMOUS for *Sharp's Toffee*



The chief hope for our cities and countryside, after the war, is that the architect should be given the same scope and opportunity as under Anne and the Georges. Equally on such issues as the relation of town and country, and on specialised questions such as insulation, prefabrication, or acoustical control, we need the best guidance available. So say Celotex, makers of Wall-boards, for war-purpose buildings now, and tomorrow for the new homes of Britain.

CELOTEX LIMITED

N. CIRCULAR RD., STONEBRIDGE PARK, N.W.10

Active Service

In the days when young veterans from the South African War came into our Pall Mall shop and bought the new calabash pipes, we were



already supplying country customers direct by post.

This highly personal service has continued to please an ever-increasing number of smokers. Recently, we were obliged to confine the despatch

of cigarettes and tobaccos to our existing regular customers, and by this means every Rothman customer was well and regularly supplied.

Naturally in war time there is a limit to the clientele Rothmans can serve in this way, but an opportunity arises now that certain of our Service customers are proceeding overseas. This results in our being able to despatch regular monthly parcels to a few more customers at home. Enquiries should be addressed to Rothmans Ltd., Folio H 2, 5, Pall Mall London, S.W.1, or to any Rothman shop.

Rothman
OF PALL MALL
the best-known tobacconist
in the world

On every polished floor

use **NON-SLIP**
Furmoto
FLOOR CREAM

GUARANTEED
100% NON-SLIP

Furmoto shines floors like glass—produces a hard, tread-proof and waterproof surface on any kind of flooring and linoleum—yet on it you can't slip an inch. Because of this it is the only polish you should use. Avoid accident claims as result of anyone falling on slippery floors. You are absolutely safe with Furmoto, for with every tin is given

£100 FREE INSURANCE AGAINST SLIPPING

Sold in 2/- tins and larger sizes at Oilshops, Grocers, Ironmongers, Stores, etc.
(Enquiries for bulk supplies should be sent to address below)

Furmoto non-slip
FLOOR CREAM

In case of difficulty write for name of nearest stockist to:
FURMOTO CHEMICAL CO., 1-3, Brixton Road, S.W.9

Celanesé
TRADE MARK
still means
quality

The standards of value you learned to trust in pre-war days are still a safe guide in difficult war-time shopping... 'Celanesé' may not be easy to find, but you spend money and coupons to the best advantage, both for quality of fabric and good wear, when you see this brand mark on your purchases.

PROGRESS IN PLASTICS

In recent years there has been great development in the plastics industry. Were it not for the tremendous strides made in peace-time, much of the war particularly in aircraft production. When peace returns plastics will play an ever-increasing part in the needs of mankind. In the meantime, if a job crops up—will you discuss it with us?

SOUPLEX

SOUPLEX LTD., MORECAMBE, LANCs.

PETTER Engines have always played a prominent part in supplying the power requirements of the primary industries of Argentina. We look forward with confidence to the future and to renewing valued and close associations through our good friends and representatives:—

Evans, Thornton & Cia.,
Calle Defensa 465,
Buenos Aires.



MAP SERIES No. 7 Copyright Design

PETTERS LTD.
LOUGHBOROUGH ENGLAND

6-50



"No depression in this house," thanks to the nightly cup of Allenburys Diet. Delicious to take, this nourishing "Good-night" drink promotes sound sleep and all-day energy.

Allenburys Diet makes a delicious nightcap—or daytime pick-me-up. It costs 2/4 and 4/6 a tin, at all Chemists. Made by ALLEN & HANBURYS LTD.

D 30



BY AIRGRAPH

Dear Mr. Gerald:

I'm writing to you by Airgraph which is an invention at which our Grandparents would have laughed, had they been told of it. However, Science makes all things possible. It is not allowed for Security Reasons to tell you about the weather here. But it is permissible to state that rum punch in front of the gun-room fire would have been more seasonable at times than tall glasses of Rose's Lime Juice, under the cedar on the side lawn.

And talking of Rose's, it is by no means easy to come by nowadays, so I am guarding the four bottles which I have obtained jealously against your return from the uttermost ends of where you are now stationed. No trace of morning-after will mar the morrow of that much-wished for day. The Rector is well, but two of Mrs. Winterbottom's geese have been run over by some Canadians in a tank (light) while in the midst of manoeuvres.

That, Sir, is all my news.

Yours respectfully,

Albert Hawkins
(Sergeant, Home Guard).

ROSE'S—There is No Substitute.

*Are you
eating Hovis
regularly?*

In times of tension, vim, vigour and energy must be kept at concert pitch. HOVIS supplies, fats, protein and vitamin 'B' to rebuild nervous energy and make good wear and tear on bodily tissue.

HōVIS
the Vitamin Bread

BEST BAKERS BAKE IT.

Macclesfield

Horrockses

The Greatest Name in Cotton—

SHEETS · PILLOWCASES · TOWELS · FLANNELETTES
WINCETTES · DRESS GOODS · SHIRTINGS · ETC.

HORROCKSES, CREWSON & CO. LTD., PRESTON, MANCHESTER, BOLTON, LONDON

*Connoisseurs
Commend*

VAMOUR

THE True VERMOUTH

The Connoisseur appreciates instantly the Bouquet of the Genuine choice wines blended into this true Vermouth. Here is a choice and healthful aperitif or with added ingredients a delightful cocktail.

Treasures need seeking—but ask your Wine Merchant about Vamour—he may be able to supply you from his limited stock.



Produced by
VERMOUTIERS (London) LTD.
SACKVILLE HOUSE, PICCADILLY, W.I.

RHEUMATISM

Rheumatism—however mild your symptoms—exact a merciless toll in pain and expense if not checked in time. Poisons and impurities in your system are usually the cause of rheumatic disorders. To get rid of these poisons, doctors recommend the drinking of mineral spa waters. But a visit to a spa involves time and expense that many people simply cannot afford these days.

'Alkia' Saltrates may be described as a spa treatment in your own home. It contains the essential curative qualities of seven world-famous springs and has the same beneficial effect on the system at a fraction of the cost and without the inconvenience of travelling to an actual spa. A teaspoonful of 'Alkia' Saltrates in warm water before breakfast each morning soon relieves pain. Taken regularly, this pleasant, effervescent drink dissolves impurities in the blood-stream and greatly assists the kidneys to eliminate them from the system, thus helping to prevent recurring attacks of rheumatism.

A bottle of 'Alkia' Saltrates costs 3/9 (inc. tax). Get one from your chemist to-day and begin your spa treatment to-morrow morning.

DRI PED
LEATHER

For warmth
and double wear
ask for DRI-PED

IT'S WELL WORTH
INSISTING ON
DRI-PED FOR THE
EXTRA WEAR
IT GIVES!

Look for the PURPLE DIAMOND stamped on every sole

Your repairer's supplies are strictly rationed, but it's worth trying hard to obtain.
DRI-PED LTD., ROSE HILL TANNERY, BOLTON, LANCs.

Simpson

uniforms

Simpson • 202 Piccadilly • London W.1 • Agents throughout the country

Works Wonders

YOUR PRE-WAR

MAN

GAS COOKER

Genasprin

KILLS PAIN QUICKLY—
TIME IT!

DIVERSION

We are sorry to disappoint you, but the vital needs of the country must come first, and the materials which go to the making of 'Genasprin' and 'Sanatogen' Nerve-Tonic Food are now needed for other and more urgent purposes. Please remember this when you have difficulty in obtaining 'Genasprin' and 'Sanatogen'.

'SANATOGEN'

NERVE-TONIC FOOD

SHE SAVES FUEL
... SHE WEARS

GOR-RAY

WITH its side pleats tapering off from a full skirt to snug-fitting single material over the hips, this GOR-RAY skirt creation is smartness itself. Practical, too, for it permits maximum leg-freedom with the amount of material it is permissible to use. And how slenderising! Sidepleat Skirts are stocked by GOR-RAY agents everywhere.

Issued by C. STILLITZ,
Royal Leamington Spa.

Sidepleat Skirts

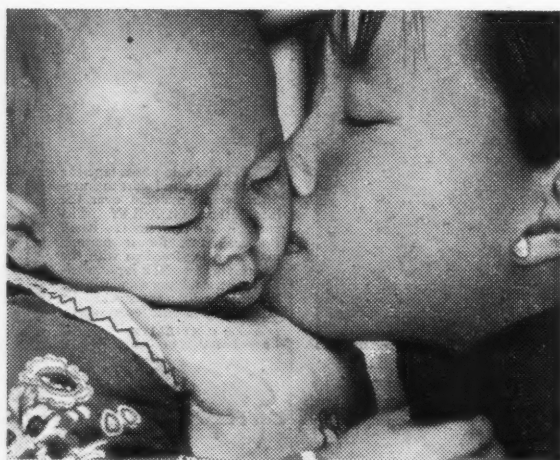
GOR-RAY

GENUINE
LONDON SKIRTS

DON'T WASTE FUEL



Keep warmer on BOVRIL



Henle

killed in action

Siao Fah and his mother, and thousands of other Chinese babies and mothers, lie dead among the ruins of their frail homes. China has put up an epic fight. And China fights on—to victory. But she sorely needs succour and supplies. Please help Britain's gift to China. The Japs are *our* enemies, too!

stand by China

Cheques or postal orders received by Lady Cripps
UNITED AID TO CHINA FUND (Regd. under War Charities Act 1940)
(Dept. A 57) 13 Regent Street, London, S.W.1



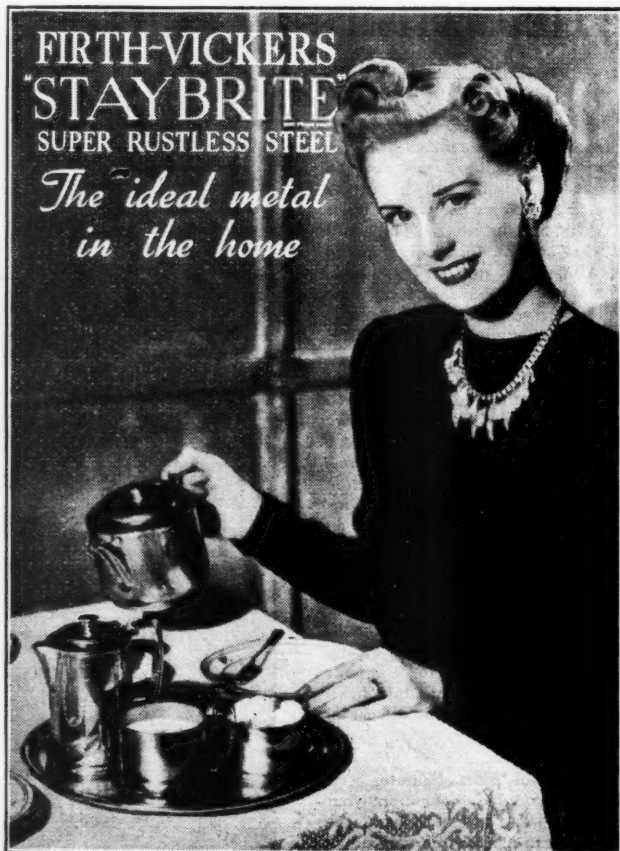
The H.M.V. Controlled Heat Iron is the practical embodiment of all those desirable features that make light, effortless work of household ironing.

AFTER the War, irons, heaters, refrigerators, and other domestic electrical equipment, made by The Household Appliances Division of The Gramophone Company Ltd. will again be available for those who discriminate between the outstanding and the merely good.

Household **H.M.V.** Appliances

FIRTH-VICKERS "STAYBRITE" SUPER RUSTLESS STEEL

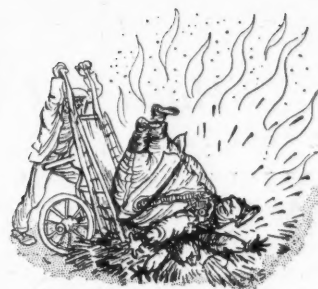
*The ideal metal
in the home*





PUNCH

OR
THE LONDON CHARIVARI



Vol. CCIII No. 5310

November 25 1942

Charivaria

A BRITISH patrol entering a Libyan town captured a lorry containing three Italian civilians and several bottles of beer. They were all interned.

Doctors are trying to discover the most common cause of headaches. We suggest soda-water—too little of it.

"Who is the most prominent centre-forward of the day?" asks a writer. GOERING? We doubt if there is another centre so forward.

Charged with throwing his wife down the stairs two days after their wedding, a man is said to have asked the magistrate not to send him to prison before the end of the honeymoon.



According to a zoologist a snake is a loathsome, dangerous and useless creature. Not a leg to stand on.

A South American couple were divorced by telephone. Ring off.

"Many women are attempting to establish themselves in our profession while the young men are away fighting," complains an architect. Designing females.

"Is MUSSOLINI ignorant of what is going on right under his nose?" asks a writer. Is HITLER?



An American soldier declares he is often struck by the beauties of our villages. He should proceed more cautiously.

It is said there are more than two hundred different games which can be played with cards. Our bridge partner the other night knew most of them.

My wife keeps asking me to g.
New hat, new coat, new shoes, etc.

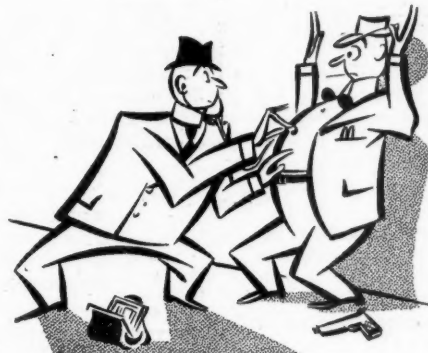
An American thinks we in this country keep too much to ourselves. No blame attaches to Sir KINGSLEY WOOD.

A contemporary wants to know if an officer can live on his pay. It all depends what sort of a mess he gets in.

Things that Might have been Spelt Differently

"... Millions of Americans are now coming to see that if Pan-America and the British Commonwealth are the wasp of the New Democracy, then the peoples of Russia and Asia may well become its wolf."—*The Economist*.

"There is nothing that brings a greater reward than making a study of the seasons," asserts a naturalist. Ticket-collectors are believed to have other views on this subject.



"I swear by a cold bath every morning," confesses a correspondent. We swear in one.

"After Lady — had left, tea was served in the garden by Miss Read and Miss Lewis."—*Provincial Paper*.
Good timing.

A Chicago doctor has twice recently been held up by bandits and robbed. Physician, heel thyself!

Hither and Thither

A MATTER OF RAJ

WHY is it that the British Empire (so-called) is the only empire subjected to calumny, contempt, indignation, abuse and bewildering controversy both from within and without? Is there no other union of peoples either loosely or tightly bound under a single nominal rule that might be criticized from time to time?

I have in front of me (it is a little out of date now) a manifesto addressed "To the People of England" by the American magazine called *Life*. This magazine may not have known that any manifesto addressed to the People of England would leave almost entirely unperturbed (if any of them should happen to read it) the peoples of Scotland Ireland and Wales. But I will let that pass. What the manifesto says in brief is that America is not fighting to keep the British Empire together. "Our side," it says, "is the side of Liberty. It is the big side. It has always been big. It is much bigger than the British Raj. It is much bigger than the British Empire."

Maybe. Yet I consider the statement not only unkind but unfair. No manifesto is likely to be sent by *Punch* to the People of New England pointing out that we are not going to fight for the American Raj. If there is any separatist tendency in Kentucky, any desire for self-determination in Louisiana or Texas or Vermont, no Cornishman, no Manxman, no New Zealander is going to lay down his arms because these appetites are unappeased.

The American Raj (leaving out many other and more peculiar acquisitions) bought Alaska for 7,200,000 dollars in 1867 from the Russian Raj. Did I ever complain? I am in fact rather glad. I will fight with the last drop of ink in my pen to keep Alaska part of the U.S.A. whatever the Alaskans may think about it.

It is the same with the French Raj. Here are the Americans and people of Mercia and Wessex (for all I know) sitting in great pieces of the French Raj, and promising to give the whole of it back, when we have finished fighting for it, to France. Nobody has asked whether any desire for autonomy exists in any part of the French—or for that matter of the Dutch, the Belgian or the Portuguese Raj. If there is anything crystal-clear in this global war, it is that all grumblers assume the prismatic perfection of every Allied empire except our own.

When one considers the Soviet Russian Raj the absence of any acrimonious debate is more remarkable still. There are a hundred and sixty-nine ethnographical groups in the U.S.S.R. There are six Republics. One of these consists of twenty-seven provinces, five areas, six autonomous areas and eleven autonomous republics. But how autonomous? More autonomous than Eire or less? Does even Mr. Harold Laski know?

If you lead me on a little further I shall begin to tell you about podzol, chernozyom and loess. They are only a few pages further in the encyclopædia. They are kinds of soil. But how can I tell whether all the peoples who live on the podzol are quite as politically content as the peoples who live on the loess? I don't ask. I just let them live and fight there without bothering.

Suppose that somewhere in the far, far East there is a wild Turkoman or Mongolian nomadic tribe which is pining to secede from the U.S.S.R. and live under its own chieftains in a state of oligarchic tyranny and serfdom, or a pacific community which says "We are not fighting to keep the Moscow Raj intact," should I be able to raise a

violent agitation in the Yorkshire Press to give this tribe or this community Swaraj?

No, sir. Would not, in fact, the U.S.S.R. take very good care that this incipient revolution was calmly (but firmly) suppressed and that nobody in Europe heard anything about it at all?

THE DREAM

I was in a train (this has nothing to do with what I was saying before)—I was in a train speeding rapidly somewhere or other, and all the time I was conscious that I had to make a very, very difficult speech. In the dining-car I was one of the guests of honour at a lunch to celebrate the reconciliation between a society of the Women Guides of Great Britain and another society whose name I did not know, formed for the same purpose and with precisely the same activities.

I was not in the dining-car in my dream. I was in another carriage with a very peculiar man opposite to me (rather shabby, I thought, and very like a well-known economist), accompanied by a rather tiresome child. On the seat next to me there were also two rather tiresome children, a boy and a girl. Three or four tall officials in a strange uniform (like that of divers) were fitting electric light bulbs to the carriage roof, and I thought to myself (for I knew that they were ticket-inspectors) "How surprised they will be to discover that I have a first-class ticket after all!"

Later on I was standing in an upper story of the train—I think it had about three stories—talking to a quite shadowy person, and we passed a very wide wintry field from which flocks of birds kept rising. We also passed a large and ugly grey stone house covered with gables, yet I knew that in this house were all the comforts and associations of an old and long-loved home. But still in my mind was the horrible knowledge of the speech I had soon to make. I did not know anything about either of the two societies which were to be reconciled, yet I was conscious that sitting in the dining-car was a very small Member of Parliament with a very small bottle of wine (much smaller than half a bottle) in front of him, and also a very large ferocious-looking woman with tousled hair.

Suddenly I found an old railway menu-card, and that at last comforted me, for I realized on reading it that I had found the inspiration for my speech.

I would begin "I realize that there is no institution in England which is not represented by at least two bitterly opposed associations each formed to serve a common end. What can be more delightful than to speak on an occasion when the feud between two of these bodies is resolved, when two associations of this kind are amalgamated and the lion at last is lying down beside the lamb? . . ."

And it seemed to me that nothing could be happier than that opening of mine, partly because the president of one of the two societies was so fierce and large and untidy in appearance, and partly because there was certain to be roast lamb to-day (as there always had been) on the railway menu-card. And then I awoke. Let all the psychoanalysts and surrealists attack me at once. I still keep a shot-gun of sorts.

FUEL FLASH

I want to introduce my Uncle Tom

A fireguard and a most ingenious soul

Who put out an incendiary bomb

By smothering it with war-time coal.*

EVOC.

*Propaganda intended to deceive the enemy



THE SECOND ROUND



... and next you take a piece of lard, about the size of a large golf ball . . ."

"Yours to Hand"

Copies of letters from the Master in Charge of Book Lockers, Dashpool College, Blankshire.

20/2/41

DEAR PERKINS,—We would remind you that the key to locker No. 34, still in your possession, must be returned to us, or remittance value 10/6 (ten shillings and sixpence), to cover cost of a new key, be forwarded. Yours, etc.

Memo : Ask C.T. whether keys cost 10/6 or 3/6.

7/3/41

DEAR PERKINS,—Having received no communication concerning locker key No. 34, due to us on your leaving last term, we warn you that the books contained by the said locker will be sold by auction unless they are claimed, and the key returned or paid for, by the 27th of this month.

Yours, etc.

Memo : Request Porter open Locker No. 34.

1/4/41

DEAR PERKINS,—I am advised by the office that, as no communication had been received from you, the contents of your locker (No. 34) were sold by auction on 27th March last, and realized the sum of 2/0½ (two shillings and one halfpenny).

This sum has been deducted from your account *re* locker key No. 34, and if the sum of 8/5½ (eight shillings and fivepence halfpenny) be forwarded to us soon, we shall consider the matter closed.

Yours, etc.

Memo : Is Ponsonby (Remove) cousin to Perkins?

1/6/41

DEAR PERKINS,—You obviously realize that we can take no further action with regard to locker key No. 34 due to us some months ago.

We therefore make a final request for the return of the key or for the remittance of 8/5½ (eight shillings and

fivepence halfpenny) to complete the cost of a new key.

Yours, etc.

Memo : Must remember to "tickle up" Ponsonby.

Letter in reply

OFLAG VIII B,
GERMANY.

1/1/42

DEAR SIR,—Yours to hand of February, March, April, and June. Owing to restricted circumstances obvious from my above address, the key to locker No. 34 which contained my books throughout my last term at the college has only just been forwarded via The International Red Cross in wrapper S.18.L. Should it pass the censor (International priority degree X) I suggest that 2/0½ (two shillings and one halfpenny), due to me from the sale of books on 27th March last, be devoted to the Office Stationery Fund.

I am, Sir,

Yours obediently,

J. J. PERKINS, 2/Lt. R.E.

Libyan Memories

(These lines, which were sent home by an officer serving in the R.F.A. with the Eighth Army, were suggested to him by various scenes and incidents during the present year previous to General Montgomery's victory.)

OUR WAR

TRUCKS on the desert
Rudely jolting,
The yellow sand swirling behind and
before,
Bully and biscuits
For breakfast and dinner—
That's our war.

Aircraft with black crosses
Swiftly diving . . .
The stillness shattered by deafening
roar:
Another raid over—
Thank God we're still living—
That's our war.

Unshaven and scruffy,
Inert with boredom;
The "mediums" mumbling down by
the shore,
Precious days passing
Seemingly wasted—
That's our war.

Shivering in leaguer
Counting the blessings . . .
Another day nearer the end of the war
And the deep, deep yearning
There to remind us
What it's all for.

DANDELION SEED

PUFF of downy white
Against blue void,
A man-made dandelion in seed
Puts forth its wispy parachute,
Black-stemmed, dainty, swaying in
the wind,
Floating serenely down,
Encircling.
Fascinated, we watched,
Remarked the flickering flame
First at the rim—a tiny golden point—
Then spreading, ever spreading,
Consuming, licking into a fierce blaze
Heading faster, ever faster
Into a down-rush.
Now earth-bound fleeting flash,
Now indiscernible,
Now doom.

LIBYAN LANDSCAPE

SOLITARY Arab
Shabby, shapeless,
Silhouetted
Against the sky:
The startled gazelle,
White-eyed, leaping—
Not knowing which way
To fly.

Grey clouds flying
Over still blue water—
White sands glistening
Across the bay:
Grey scrub reaching
Down to the foreshore,
A sand-devil swirling
Away.

Escarpment towering
Over the salt-marsh,
A white pass picking
Its intricate way:
Deep wadis scarring
Its rugged countenance
Like lines in a face
Once gay.

Limitless, lifeless,
Sandy desert;
Still and arid
Wilderness
Watching us fighting,
Smiling so smugly
At our great
Foolishness.

NIGHT MARCH RETREAT

A GREY, grey road
And a grey, grey sky—
The lumbering vehicles
Rumbling by:
An icy blast
And a bitter storm—
Oh! for a halt,
Oh! for a warm.

A steep, steep pass
And a deep, sheer drop,
Three long miles
To reach the top.
Lorries stuck
On the hairpin bend—
When will they move,
When will it end?

A long, long trail
And a black, black void,
All thoughts and feelings
Long destroyed.
Numb in limb
And numb in mind,
Trundling forever
Along behind.

At last the moon
To light our way
And not many hours
Ere break of day—
A final halt . . .
To bed we creep
To fitful
Apprehensive, sleep.

THE DESERT

IMAGINE—White snails heaped,
clustered and flung
Far and wide.

Imagine—Every single pebble with
its sun-down shadow
There beside.

Imagine—Sand in sweeping dunes and
hills—
Little ripples, too.

Imagine—In the vastness solitary,
tiny, purple flowers
Bestrayed with dew.

Imagine—Lakes there, in the mirage,
glistening, inviting,
Ships a-sailing.

Imagine—Violent dust-storms; beating
stinging sand
Prevailing.

Imagine—Petrification, great volcanic
slabs; deep-cleft cliffs
Ascending.

Imagine—The solitariness; my sweet
and tender thoughts of you
Never-ending.

MY MIRAGE

SOLITARY seat on windswept heath,
Tall swaying pines,
The deep black shadows darting 'neath
Their serried lines.

Soughing boughs and sweet pine-
scented air,
A glorious view,
Freedom and freshness—every day I
share
These things with you.

No fool imagination could convey
Such sweet reality
As I find in the mirage every day
Your gift to me.

THEIR SPRING

THREE crosses black against the
blinding sand,
Three war-scarred helmets resting at
their hand,
Three lances, leant against the azure
sky,
From which three fluttering pennants
proudly fly,
A single brilliant-red, sweet-scented
flower—
This was their Spring—and this their
finest hour.

At the Pictures

"ROAD TO MOROCCO" (PLAZA)

BOBBING about on a raft off the north coast of Africa, *Jeff Peters* (BING CROSBY) and *Turkey Jackson* (BOB HOPE) eye one another thoughtfully, but land is sighted while the question of which is to eat the other is still being debated, rather feebly by *Turkey*, who is ill-matched against the smooth effective *Jeff*. A handy camel bears them, hungry, thirsty and penniless, over the desert to a native town. In one of the streets a lunatic is helping himself to eatables off various stalls, and *Jeff*, learning from a passer-by that lunatics are sacred in Moslem eyes, tells *Turkey* to feign idiocy and get some food for them both. This device breaking down badly, *Jeff*, in an admirable scene conducted throughout by signs, sells *Turkey* to an Arab for two hundred dollars, and *Turkey* is borne off, protesting. *Jeff*, his conscience stirring a little, searches for *Turkey* and, to his disgust, finds him in the palace of the *Princess Shalmar* (DOROTHY LAMOUR), richly habited, waited upon by seven beautiful maidens, and betrothed to the princess. It does not take *Jeff* long to adjust the situation in his own favour. As the princess remarks, in answer to a remonstrance from *Turkey*: "A goose is beautiful until he stands beside a peacock." A danger from the outside, in the person of *Sheik Mullay Kasim* (ANTHONY QUINN), *Shalmar's* would-be husband, reunites *Turkey* and *Jeff*. Captured by *Mullay Kasim*, they are carried towards his desert lair in rope nets slung over camels, but escape, and reach the lair on foot. *Turkey* having suggested that they should storm it to rescue the princess, the less romantic *Jeff* declines to co-operate—"You storm," he says. "I'll stay here and drizzle." A rival sheik, prepared to accept overtures of friendship from *Mullay Kasim*, turns up with his men, but the banquet of reconciliation is converted by *Jeff's* ingenuity into a sequence of painful practical jokes which convince *Mullay Kasim's* guest that he has been lured there to be made ridiculous and possibly

to be assassinated. A fight breaks out, and in the ensuing confusion *Jeff* and *Turkey* escape with the princess and the most charming of her attendants (*DONA DRAKE*), who has been consoling *Turkey* for the loss of her mistress.



[Road to Morocco]

NORTH AFRICAN ARRIVALS

Turkey BOB HOPE
Jeff BING CROSBY



[Cairo]

THE SPELL

Hector DOOLEY WILSON
Cleo ETHEL WATERS

Road to Morocco is a first-rate pantomime, played with a gusto which gives fresh life to old jokes and situations. But it is a mistake to introduce two camels commenting on the craziness of the film, an effect repeated elsewhere in another form.

It is the business of a pantomime to be crazy, and no one is likely to be under the illusion that he is witnessing a faithful transcript of Moroccan life.

"CAIRO" (REGAL)

Cairo is one of those mixtures of comedy and excitement which, under the leaden direction of Hollywood at its worst, steadily reduce one to a condition of mirthless stupor. The only gleam is at the beginning. *Homer Smith* (ROBERT YOUNG), an American war correspondent, is on a raft off the Libyan coast, and his companion persuades him to stand up and open out his coat to catch the wind. "Point yourself just a shade to the S.E.," he says, and following this instruction *Homer* brings the raft to land. On reaching *Cairo*, *Homer Smith*, who behaves like an imbecile until, in the interests of the plot, it is necessary for him to behave like a hero, tries to run down a nest of Nazi spies. There is a pro-Ally American movie-star, *Marcia Warren* (JEANETTE MACDONALD), who occasionally sings light or sentimental songs quite pleasingly, but is involved in a great deal of knockabout farce which suits neither her physique nor her temperament; there is a bland and sinister Oriental who has perfected a method of sinking battleships by radio and whom one could spare without much regret; there are hard-faced Nazi desperadoes who whirl in and out with set expressions which, in a more leisurely setting, might cause alarm as well as despondency; and there is a sprightly negress who is coy with a lovesick negro. Trapped by the Nazis, *Homer* is taken into a pyramid, *Marcia* heads a rescue-party, and the film ends with an exchange of kisses between *Marcia* and *Homer Smith*. It is mournful to see an actor like ROBERT YOUNG struggling with a film like this, but, as *Marcia Warren* says, one must suffer before one can sing, and if the same is true of acting, ROBERT YOUNG should excel himself in his next film. H. K.

Letter from Mid-Ocean

Very much at sea,
October?

DEAR EDITH,—The question-mark after October looks rather odd, but we are not sure if dates are allowed. In fact the whole business of censorship on board, being left to odd majors, some of whom are new to it, is peculiar.

Our Major says he thinks it will be quite safe to put that I am still alive, though the Adjutant, who has just flashed past the table, says that this might be regarded as information likely to improve the morale of the enemy. I do not know what he means, but his mind has been disordered since he took charge of the ship's concert and discovered that three separate men had piano-accordions.

The Major has been looking over my shoulder while I wrote this, and he now says that if I go on much longer I shall give away the number of troops on board.

"You have mentioned me," he said, "and yourself and the Adjutant and three owners of piano-accordions. That makes six. You had better not mention anybody else."

"Not just one more?" I asked wistfully. "I wanted to tell Edith about meeting X. I was at prep-school with him, and it just shows how small the world is."

The Major said that he quite realized the importance of showing Edith how small the world is, but if I knew the skill of the German Intelligence people I would realize how dangerous it was to mention X.

"Supposing," he said, "that X is Captain Hugo Boltloose of the Loyal Lumpshires. If you refer to him casually as even plain Boltloose the German Intelligence Service will be able to put two and two together. Supposing there are eight Boltlooses, all told, in the British Army. They will know that three are in Egypt, two digging weapon-pits in Yorkshire, and the sixth and seventh in Piddlington Detention Barracks. Only of the eighth have they lost sight, and your letter gives them the clue. Captain Boltloose and the 9th Battalion Loyal Lumpshires are in the same ship."

This just gives you an idea of how difficult it is to make this letter what can be called meaty.

I do not think I can even tell you what sort of weather we are having, because you might guess from it



"Now what shall we do? The Inspector who comes to see that we don't serve too much for our rations is dining with the official who comes to see that we don't serve too little for our cover charge."

whether we were nearer Greenland's icy mountains or India's coral strand.

The Adjutant has just flashed past me again, and I asked him what he wrote about to his wife.

"I took a whole page," he said, "telling her about my new moustache. I have wanted to grow one for years, only I thought people would laugh; but nobody laughs at new moustaches on a troopship. They are too common."

So I really think, my dear Edith, that the only thing for me to do is to grow a moustache and tell you all about it in my next letter.

I see that after all I have filled up the two pages we are allowed, so will close now.

Your loving husband, LIONEL.

P.S.—After all, the Major says I

may mention one more person, so I must tell you that Second-Lieutenant Sympson is with us. He struts about the deck like Francis Drake, wearing a topee at least twice as large as any other on board.

Another Impending Apology

"The lake, which was on Bracebridge Hall Estate, was at one time well cared for. It is now the property of the Corporation."

Lincolnshire Echo.

"Mr. —, of Newcastle, was best man, leaving a profit of £331 0s. 5d."

From a Northern Paper.

One assumes that he pawned the ring?

H. J. Talking



DOGGERELS OF WAR—II

*Incinerations
Of publications
Deplete the nation's
Paper rations.*

Overture

ALL up and down the land to-night
The small stars lend a slender light,
And like a tree that blooms with snow
The shining leafy aspens grow;

And like a curling gleam of glass
The willow-sliding waters pass,
And on them, tranquil as a breath,
Three white swans make a rippling path.

It is a night so calm and still
One would not think silence could spill
A sound more harsh than a bird makes
When at a falling leaf it wakes.

The sudden hum of hidden wings
On secret and fierce journeyings
Makes on the ear a hive of sound,
As if the planets made resound.

So in the lovely tranquil night
In menacing and ordered flight
The squadrons move across the sky
To strike the heart of tyranny.

M. E. R.

I HAVE always been anxious to experience the sensation of being rich, my scientific curiosity having been aroused by a conflict of opinion, some saying that it is agreeable in the extreme while others take the view that it resembles the taste of ashes. I once chewed some ashes but the difficulty of dealing statistically with the evidence rendered the test unilluminating. I used to have a rich friend called Consolidated Curtis and he was so rich that he stuck 2½d. stamps on post cards just for ostentation, he holding the view that the best way a millionaire can give pleasure is by acting like one and glorying in his riches. He used to embarrass town councils by giving them large and unwieldy presents, like halls to seat 5,000 and herds of bison and full-scale copies of the Eiffel Tower. He once tried to buy the Empire State building and re-erect it at Stratford-on-Avon, but local patriotism in New York defeated him.

Consolidated Curtis had belonged to a small group of violent revolutionaries before coming into his money, and being very loyal he maintained his connection with them and snowed them under with lavish gifts. The organization had always met in an attic over a fish-shop, but he built them a tremendous block of offices in Park Lane, with a sports-ground somewhere down the line, and he gave large salaries and cars and secretaries to all the members, and he had their bombs made for them by the very best makers; but, though appreciative of his generosity, some of them rather yearned for the old days when they had the fun of making their own and never quite knowing when they were going off. He was always giving receptions for them, and as his food was very good all sorts of famous people would come and ask his protégés in a kindly tone how they were getting on, and they never liked to shoot the famous people on the spot because they feared Curtis might take it amiss and not ask them again.

One of my charms is that I am frequently filled with wild enthusiasms, some calling this boyish, but others unbalanced, and one of these enthusiasms is sometimes for self-denial; but while the general idea of this is intoxicating, narrowing it down to particular cases raises all kinds of difficulties. Sometimes, for example, I say I will not earn

"THEY ALSO SERVE"

THEY are brave, these people who, behind the scenes, whether at home or in the factories, go quietly about their essential tasks. Air-raids, nights in shelters, lost sleep, nerve strain, all is accepted cheerfully, for they are determined to carry on. Even when they are bombed and lose their homes and cherished possessions, their grateful appreciation of the help given them through the PUNCH COMFORTS FUND acclaims the spirit which cannot be broken.

The privilege of service to them is extended to you. Will you help us supply their most urgent needs? If you have helped us with contributions before will you please help us again? If this is your first introduction to the Fund will you please become a subscriber? Donations will be gratefully acknowledged by Mr. Punch at PUNCH COMFORTS FUND, 10 Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4.



"Can you imagine anything in WORSE taste than to queue for a bus and hail a cab at the same time?"

any more money for three months, and then B. Smith pays his rent and the question arises as to whether I have earned it, and, if so, how. Another time I decide to limit my meals to one course, and this hurts my wife's feelings, which causes her to come out in spots and it takes days and days of sheer dogged eating on my part to drive them in again. So what it usually comes down to is tobacco, and this is well known to be one of the very hardest things to deny, ranking with houris and sneezing. I have tried many methods of reducing smoking, none of them really successful, and among these methods have been drinking myself insensible, using a very large holder so that the cigarette keeps on falling out, and sitting in a draught immediately after a hot bath—any kind of cold or bronchitis making nicotine unpalatable. Once, for my birthday, Mrs. Oscar's boy gave me a course of treatment invented by himself, and this consisted of his sitting very close by me and whenever he saw me light a cigarette snatching it out of my mouth and replacing it the other way round.

Sometimes in the evening when I have had a long hard day at science and, perhaps, even exceeded the three experiments which I consider a reasonable quota for any scientist, I sit down meditatively before the chest of drawers in which I keep the records of my life. This piece of furniture, by the way, is peculiarly irritating because the drawers open alternately from the back and the front, which means that it cannot be stood against a wall and it requires more exercise than chests of drawers usually do. I dip my hand in at random and muse nostalgically on the debris of my past. Here, for example, is a photograph of my brother Coot playing football. He is playing against the police and there are no fewer than nine of such on top of him; but for an arrow you might not know that Coot was there at all. Next I find a letter saying that the Lord Mayor of London thanks me for my congratulations on his appointment but regrets he is unable to contribute any reminiscences to my forthcoming anthology entitled

The Cloven Hoof: Famous Men Reveal Their Weaknesses. Dipping again into this jumble from the past I pull to the surface a pamphlet advocating the abolition of fire-brigades on the grounds that they are "militaristic" and that the word Brigade leads inevitably to the suspicion of Brigadiers. The strip of oil-cloth and the etching of the Venerable Bede being venerated by a thane, a determined-looking child and an otter raise no echoes in my mind, but at the sight of a mouse-trap my lips curl into a tolerant smile, and I remember how one of the pranks we used to play at school was to set such and send them by post to coroners, and sometimes to writers of letters in *The Times*. Very occasionally I try to rearrange this treasure-trove of memories, but no system is ever permanent as my wife has the theory that I am always concealing undarned socks from her about the house, and there is nowhere where women will not delve in pursuit of same; she has even been known, after I have spent the evening with friends, to call and insist on being shown the chair in which I sat in case I have pushed any socks down the sides. At one time, to keep her quiet, I used to go out and buy pairs of socks and make holes in them with gimlets.

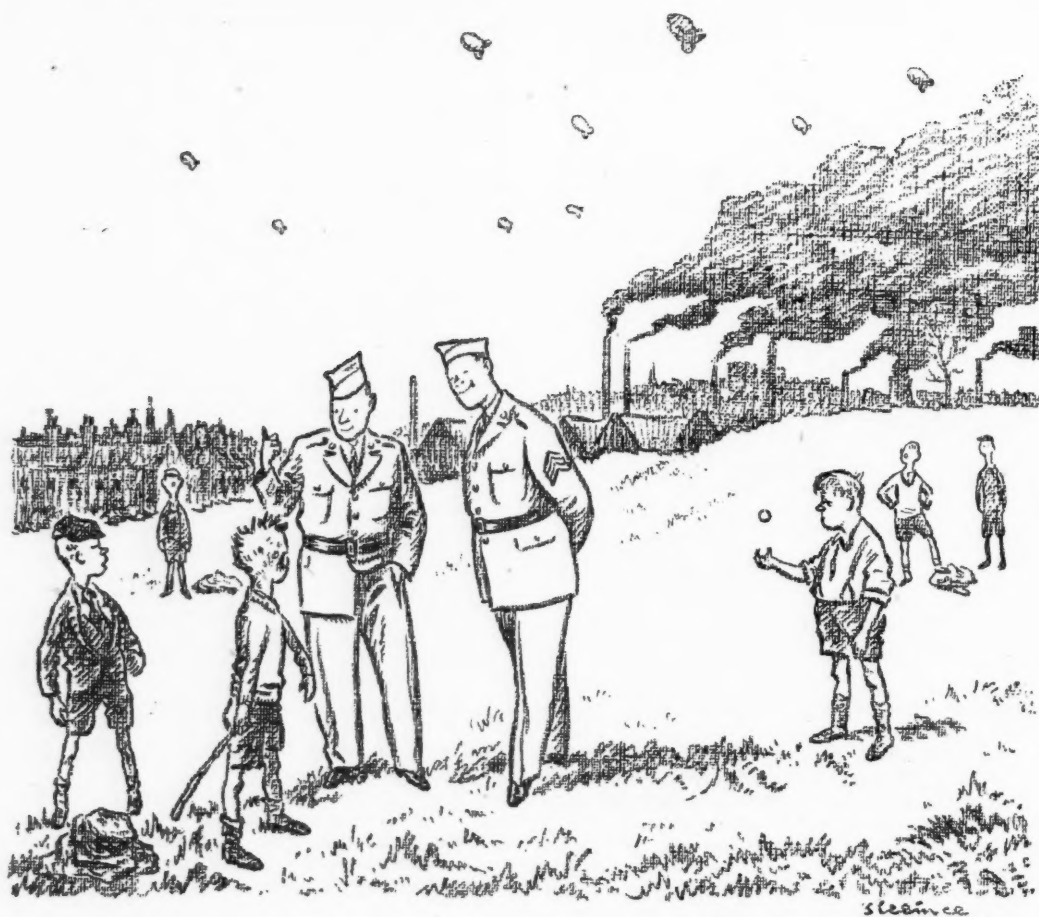
In Memoriam

THESE have I not known but only to them listened,
And seen the gait of their going, and felt the
stir of their heart,
Whose pride is the sorrow of their fathers and the
splendour of the battle
That was made in the hills apart.

These in the low flat-lands, meeting with might over-
whelming,
These in the sun and the sand going forward
dauntless and strong
Have found the death that they sought for, and
remembered the mountains
And the music of their song.



"The next question is: 'When are we opening a Third Front?'—Joad? Campbell? Sargent? Huxley?"



"Say, we play this game back home in the States—we call it baseball!"

Smart's the Word.

(A member of the Government has announced that shabbiness should be the mark of the well-dressed man.)

I SAID: My decent clothes I put away.
When peace returns they shall come forth anew
But till the dawn of that auspicious day,
The old will have to do.

Then when that long-awaited hour had struck
Strong in my outer pride though scant of cash
I nursed the hope, with ordinary luck,
To cut some trifling dash.

And so 'twas done. And three full years have passed
And—see my jacket, contemplate my bags—
All have worn through, and I must shed at last
Even my last sad rags.

Now from their mothballed fastness I must haul
Up to the surface those fair duds of mine,

But in no halcyon spirit; not at all;
With such I cannot shine.

For one has put about the stern decree—
A man of lofty place and high intent—
That glassy seat, worn elbow, sloven knee
Bespeak the well-dressed gent.

Tailor, these trouserings; abate their hang.
Mar these fair coats with here and there a patch;
Do anything to give the eye a pang,
Only it mustn't match.

Be of good courage, man; let grief have wings;
Weep not, withhold that not ignoble sob;
I after all have got to wear the things.
Yours is the lighter job.

DUM-DUM.



THE GIANT'S ROBE

"It doesn't fit as well as I thought it would."

Impressions of Parliament

Business Done

Tuesday, November 17th.—House of Lords: Quiet Flows the Debate.

House of Commons: The War is Mentioned.

Wednesday, November 18th.—House of Lords: Planners' Parade.

House of Commons: Freud at the Helm.

Thursday, November 19th.—House of Commons: The Debate Continues Some More.

Tuesday, November 17th.—The House of Commons has moods. Moods as elusive and difficult to follow as those of a prima donna—or a German Afrika Korps leader.

To-day the mood was a queer one. It took the form of a certain (sometimes an uncertain) pernickiness over figures. The most innocent figures led to rumpus after rumpus, and Members went down like ninepins (no, tenpins—no, elevenpins) before the concentrated rush.



"APPROBATION FROM EMANUEL SHINWELL IS PRAISE INDEED."

[Mr. Shinwell extends his cordial congratulations to the Prime Minister and the Government on the success that has attended our arms.]

Mr. EVELYN WALKDEN (or was it Sir JAMES GRIGG?) started it. Mr. WALKDEN drew attention to the trading surplus of £1,500,000 earned last year by NAAFI.

How, he asked pointedly, will it be

used for the good of the customers of that organization? Sir JAMES rose, an ominous look in his eyes—an expression which said: "Now, you just listen to this!"

The correct figure, he said, was £1,400,000. Bang went £100,000. And of that, £400,000 had to be set against a trading loss last year. And another £1,000,000 had to go to the Treasury. This "Ten Green Bottles" method of accountancy seemed to discompose Mr. WALKDEN quite a piece, and Sir JAMES sat down with the familiar flashing eye of a NAAFI assistant "dealing with" a complainant.

Then Sir LEONARD LYLE had a go at wily little Mr. GEORGE TOMLINSON, Under-Secretary at the Ministry of Labour. This was the neat little poser he put: Under the law, employers must restore to their old jobs men who go into the Forces. But how can an employer restore, to a single job, many successive holders of that job, called up in turn?

Mr. TOMLINSON, in whose sight (or even out of whose sight) it is vain to set a snare, replied with engaging if unofficial candour: "I don't think it is possible!"

Sir LEONARD exchanged a sympathetic brothers-in-adversity glance with Mr. WALKDEN across the floor.

Mr. HERBERT MORRISON, Home Security Minister, announced that the dodgers of fire-watching (number mercifully unknown) were to have their escape-hatches closed—he hoped. Women would not have to fire-watch until all available men had been enlisted into the Noble If Chilly Order of Roof-Perambulators, Pyrotechnic Students and H₂O Projectors. And those few, those slippery few, who were not wanted to watch their business premises or their homes, would register in a sort of "Hose Who" to watch someone else's business premises.

The half-dozen or so M.P.s who do regular fire-watching at the Houses of Parliament unconsciously took on the look of conscious virtue which is their rightful due. The others (exempt by their own choice) seemed a little self-conscious.

Miss ELLEN WILKINSON, who has playfully been nicknamed "Queen of the Static Waters" and whose special care is the nation-wide fire-guard organization, surveyed them hopefully, but there was no great rush of recruits.

Then there was a discussion on the war, in the course of which outspoken Mr. EDGAR GRANVILLE expressed the view that one Admiral DARLAN in North Africa was precisely 100 per cent. too much, and moved that the quota be cut accordingly.

Mr. ARTHUR GREENWOOD, leading the Opposition, had already asked about the Prodigal Son Admiral, announced as a prominent member of the new Government in French North Africa. Mr. ATTLEE, in his most Brer Rabbitly manner, spoke low and said



PIU LENTO AND PIU MOSSO

Conductor Cripps at a rehearsal of the Reconstruction Orchestra.

nuffin'. But he promised to tell the PRIME MINISTER about a demand for a statement as soon as possible.

Mr. GRANVILLE accused the Press of "flying DARLAN's kite"—a charge that brought from Mr. VERNON BARTLETT, who spends all his time pulling down enemy kites, a stentorian "No!" This split in the Independent Party was quite the liveliest and most interesting thing in a none-too-exciting day's debate.

Their Lordships had not even that amount of thrill.

Wednesday, November 18th.—There was more trouble over figures to-day. Commander Sir ARCHIBALD SOUTHBY, Bart., asked Mr. BRENDAN BRACKEN, Minister of Information, how many broadcasts the Member for Epsom (one Commander Sir ARCHIBALD SOUTHBY, Bart.) had made. He was given a figure, and, in a high-speed third degree, secured the admission that it also represented recorded transmissions. This seemed to give Sir ARCHIBALD SOUTHBY solid ground for satisfaction, as the PRIME MINISTER once put it.

This habit of asking questions about themselves may grow among M.P.s—



"The Tribunal has decided to grant you total exemption, subject to your giving an undertaking to secure immediate employment as a full-time gladiator."

a sort of Parliamentary psycho-analysis. Mrs. MAVIS TATE caught it right away, and proceeded to ask the First Lord of the Admiralty how much it had cost to deliver an "unimportant" letter to her flat by special messenger. The First Lord said it was "trifling," but whether he meant the cost or the question was not apparent.

Admiration of our incomparable Commandos looks like having its results in Parliament. Refused a demand that *all* men discharged from the Forces should have a badge, Mr. TINKER mentioned darkly that he had "other ways of getting the Government to change its mind!"

Mr. ATTLEE, who had made the offending refusal, paled visibly.

Then Mr. WILLIAM MABANE, of the Food Ministry, had a dashing little "Combined Op.," answering a dozen questions about fish in a shoal—the questions, not (unfortunately) the fish. So convincing was his reply that the House let him emulate the fish and get away.

Captain CUNNINGHAM-REID pointed out a slight error in *Hansard*, arising (one supposes) out of the rationing of "t." He was reported as saying to

Mr. Speaker: "I bow to your ruling, and in that *even I* shall not continue on the lines to which you have drawn my attention." The Captain gently disowned this seeming piece of self-depreciation (or was it self-praise?) and pointed out that the ninth word had shed a "t." That little more, and oh, how much it was!

The mention of "t" seemed to put thoughts into the heads of honourable Members, and they departed, leaving the House to those who sought to catch Mr. Speaker's eye. It was another wide-ranging debate, a propos of everything.

Their Lordships discussed post-war planning and, as one noble Lord put it, "Uthwatt you will."

Thursday, November 19th.—To-day's Great Thought came from Mr. ERNEST BEVIN, Minister of Labour, who, urged by Miss WARD to prosecute boys of 17 who neglected their work, replied: "In judging these cases, I always try to think what I should have

been doing at 17." The House cheered a very human remark. Miss WARD blushed and was silent—*pro tem*.

Northern Lights

MERRY dancers in the sky
When shall we two dance again
Like the Northern Lights on
high,

Still and silent phantasy?
When shall we two dance again?
When the seas are run salt dry;
When there's none but us to die
Then will organs blare their pæan
And blast their hymns of victory.

You will dance again, my lad,
When the moon again is full;
Though your heart be not so glad,
Though your mind is grown more dull;
Northern Lights will shine, my lad,
Feet are made to pace a dance;
Though your soul is old and sad
You will dance again, my lad,
With each ghost of memory,
Treading many measures mad
Up and down the falling sky. H. F.

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this paper should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export.



"I was merely remarking that, even in running away, Rommel has shown the world that Germany is still leading!"

Leaf

AM I going 'ome for me three days' leaf? ... Keh! You lissernerme! I'm not going on me leaf, that's what. ... You 'eard! I'm *not* going on no leaf. Leastways, not 'ome. Not likely, with what they'd all say to me, Ma and Uncle Joe and Thergirl and that old battleaxe Aunt Florrie—keh, you should 'ear 'er. Proper binder, she is. Proper browns you off, she does.

Tell yer why I ain't going on me leaf. Six weeks ago I went 'ome on a forty-eight-hour pass just after I'd 'eard I was posted overseas. I wouldn't tell the folks *where*, of course. Careless talk—and as a matter of fac' I didn't know where meself. But they didn't all 'arf make a fuss of me. Ma cried on the last night and Uncle Joe got well lit and kept saluting me and calling me a brave boy in blue—up to the time he started presenting arms with Ma's umberella and calling me little boy blue and 'ad to go to bed sudden; and even Aunt Florrie said she'd always wondered what use I was, but that she supposed that after all it had all been for the best, though Providence

worked in mysterious ways; and as for Thergirl, she was all over me, she was. 'Er 'ero, I was. Lovin' kid! Said good-bye fifteen times, each one better than the last. ...

Well, a week or two later I gets seven days' proper embarkation leaf, and seeing the kit I've been issued with I guess I'm going to some place where ice-cream ain't popular. Thick leather things and fur-lined things and woollen things and gloves like dead rabbits—why, I 'ave to blow on my fingers and do a cabby every time I see them. And when I get 'ome they make a fuss of me, but some'ow it's a bit different, because it seems after that last leaf they 'adn't expected to see me again. At least not on *leaf* again, Ma ses, looking sharp at Aunt Florrie who's said something 'opeful under her breath. Still, all in all, it's not a bad leaf, and me and Thergirl gets on together like when we was first engaged, till she gets worried about me getting cold where I'm going and starts a rush job on a muffler that looks like a tank track.

Of course Uncle Joe has to 'ave his bit of fun and he talks about snow-balling and sliding down glassys and living on dried pelican, till Ma starts sneezing and tells 'im to put a sock in it. Then Aunt Florrie chips in with a dirty one about a bloke she knew who lost four of his fingers from frost-bite, and says it's lucky for me I never played the pianner as it won't matter so much; and Thergirl starts to cry at this and Ma tells Aunt Florrie to put a sock in it as well.

Then Uncle Fred changes the subject and starts in about Eskimo maidens and it's funny what hot stuff they are in spite of the cold. At this Thergirl stops crying quite quick and tells me if I dare lay a finger on one she'll never speak to me again, and Aunt Florrie says, what with frostbite 'e probably won't 'ave a finger to lay. Still, all in all, it wasn't a bad leaf, and they all say good-bye when I go, and Uncle Fred says, send 'em a bit of ice when I get there, and Aunt Florrie says it'll come in 'andy for 'is fore'ead on Sunday mornings.

Well, b'leeve it or not, I don't get sent off with the drarf after all, but get switched to a later one, which isn't 'arf a bind because they take my special kit away and give me a different lot and another three days' leaf. This time the kit is all thin shorts and moskeeter nets and 'ats like mushrooms, and it seems I'm for a place where it's so 'ot the 'ens lay fried eggs and turn into roast chicken while they're doing it.

'Course me leaf this time is fair 'ell. Even Ma's a bit 'ipped at seeing me pop up again, and Uncle Fred keeps on being funny about the flies and the sand and what to do when desert scorpions get in your pants. Aunt Florrie says never mind the heat 'll be practice for me for when I'm dead, which isn't funny, but even Thergirl laughs, till Uncle Fred starts talking about the Eastern maidens who hardly wear any clothes, and then she stops laughing quite quick and says sharp, so *that's* why I changed, I like 'em 'arf nekkid, do I, 'stead of decently bundled up like Eskimos? Aunt Florrie says, yes, and that won't worry him, though of course 'e'll soon get leprosy, which is common out there and then they won't look at 'im, so there's always a bright side to things.

Well, Ma begins to cry about the leprosy and Uncle Fred goes on about the Eastern maidens worse and worse, till Ma 'as to laugh again, but Thergirl starts to cry. . . .

Well, it's a 'ell of a leaf, with them all crying or laughing at me; and I'm even glad to go back. Thergirl don't kiss me so good when I do go, and I only 'ope I get out East quick.

Well, as you know, it's all bin called off as far's I'm concerned. They took me special kit away, and I'm being posted again, and I've got three more days' leaf. But I *ain't* going 'ome. 'Cos now I'm posted to Wigan, and you know what Wigan is to people. If they laughed last leaf, they'll split theirselves this; and Uncle Fred, I know, 'as a postcard a bloke sent 'im showing a bloke with his arms round two girls saying, "It's lovely 'ere at Wigan," and after all me and Thergirl don't really want to part.

So I ain't going 'ome. I'm goin' to spend me leaf right 'ere staying in the Y.M.C.A., and if they change Wigan to Canada it's O.K. with me. A. A.

o o

"Detached BUNGALOW, Modern, Southwick. 6 Large Rooms, Gas, Elec., Glass Lodger."—*Sussex Daily News*.

No stone-throwing, anyway.

Forced Landing

IT was dark when we took off, but both "C" and I knew the course well from many previous journeys both by day and night. I could see the ground below me and the light of "C"'s machine keeping station on my right; our usual formation over this particular stretch. Approaching our destination, I peered ahead into the darkness endeavouring to pick up some familiar landmark that would enable us to fix our position exactly—and then it happened.

For a moment my machine appeared to stand still, as though its progress had been arrested by some unseen agency from below, and I found myself diving vertically to earth. Automatically I centralized control and attempted to pull out of the dive, but nothing I could do had the slightest effect on the machine's strange and terrifying behaviour.

I could see the ground rushing towards me, and I realized that I was heading for just the worst section of terrain on the whole course; a forced landing here even in daylight would be well nigh impossible. My hands froze to the controls and I awaited the end with resignation; to leave the machine now did not occur to me, and in any case it was too late. I was fascinated by the impending catastrophe, and even slightly impatient at the delay.

"C" observed the crash and alighted beside me, when it was found that my injuries were superficial only, while my machine had come through unscathed. None the less we have now decided against cycling across the golf-course after dark.

o o

Telegram Without Tears

MY Aunt Sibyl and my Aunt Maud spent their yearly holiday apart this autumn for the first occasion for time immemorial. They separated at Hereford Station, Aunt Sibyl to come to me while Aunt Maud went to my brother George. At the end of the holiday they were to re-establish their union at Hereford, when Aunt Sibyl was to wave a red handkerchief from the carriage of her incoming train and Aunt Maud was to see it and join her.

Every morning of her holiday Aunt Sibyl said to me at breakfast, "I told your Aunt Maud that if I didn't see

her at Hereford I should get out of the train."

Every morning I replied "Yes, Aunt Sibyl," and she settled down for the day.

I was all the more startled when shortly before starting to catch her train back to her home she asked me if I did not think her plan was the best one.

"What plan?" I asked, wishing to be sure of my ground.

"To get out of the train at Hereford if I don't see your Aunt Maud there."

"With your luggage?" I suggested.

"It will all be with me in the carriage," she replied solemnly.

"Of course," I said, "you won't get another train through to Cornwall to-day."

"Anything," she replied, "will be better than to leave Maud behind. Whatever would she do?"

"At the worst," I said, "she could go back to George's at Warwick and explain that she had missed you at Hereford."

"I can't bear the idea of Maud travelling alone."

Then I had an idea of my own.

"Suppose," I said, "that Aunt Maud didn't see your red handkerchief at Hereford, but in the excitement of the moment got into the train at another point and travelled on without you?"

By this time it was too late to do anything but send a telegram. This is what it said:—

MAUD ALICE BADDELLEY, EVERGREENS, WARWICK. DEAR IF YOU GET THIS FORGIVE BUT HAVE DECIDED IN EVENT OF YOUR NOT SEEING RED HANDKERCHIEF HEREFORD TO REMAIN IN TRAIN IN CASE YOU GET IN ELSEWHERE AND I GOT LEFT BEHIND INSTEAD IF YOU DO NOT RECEIVE THIS TELEGRAM DO NOT WORRY AS WE SHALL BOTH DOUBTLESS BE IN SAME TRAIN EVEN IF YOU HAVE NOT SEEN MY HANDKERCHIEF FORGIVE DEAR—SIBYL.

The only annoying thing is that George has got the telegram and won't give it up.

o o

Men of the Middle East

SOME speak of Alexander And some of Hercules, Of Hector and Lysander;

But the last three of these Are somewhat out of fashion

Since Alexander ran The German out of Egypt

With the Italian. ANON.

At the Play

"HOME AND BEAUTY" (PLAYHOUSE)

MR. MAUGHAM'S post - last - war comedy, *Home and Beauty*, delighted the town when it was presented at the Playhouse at the very beginning of the 1919 autumn season, the end of August indeed. With its production the season set off, like a railway-train. The leading critic of the day began his notice next morning with a chortle of gratification: "One is tempted to call Mr. MAUGHAM's farce exquisite. It has style, wit, elegance, and at the same time the sheer fun that all farce should have, but fun of the choicest sort, quiet fun. It is a little masterpiece of polite merriment." The play's characters, caught in the toils of bigamy and divorce, were praised for preserving a gay composure amid these worries. With the true Walkleyan flash of allusiveness they were likened to POPE's lady who was "mistress of herself though China fall."

When he came to the acting this critic bestowed most praise and words on the portrayal of the professional co-respondent, a lady who appears only in the Third Act. The mere introduction of such a person to the stage was a startling novelty in 1919, however insipid the joke may seem to-day. In the old account we read that when Miss CADELL made this character the personification of prim spinsterhood "the house was convulsed with laughter," and this droll performance arriving so late on the scene "was indeed the final touch to an entertainment of rare distinction."

In the revival at the Playhouse the producer has seen fit to turn this character into a mannish lady in severe tweeds and a monocle, who might be a gentlewoman-farmer and is, in any case, more freakish than funny. But the rest of the casting is much more faithful to the author's original intentions. The critic of the first production was comparatively brief about the enactors of the modish *Victoria* and her two husbands. Of *Victoria* he said: "The beautiful Miss

Gladys Cooper, always in wonderful gowns, has now become an accomplished actress into the bargain." And of the husbands, he offered only the almost cavalier rhetorical-question: "Where else could you find two such light comedians as Mr. Malcolm Cherry and Mr. Hawtrey?" Well, where to-day will you find a more Hawtreyesque light comedian than Mr. RONALD SQUIRE? Or a better "feed" to play with him than Mr. BARRY JONES? It is therefore Mr. JONES who weds



ACCEPTING THEIR DISCHARGE LIKE OFFICERS AND GENTLEMEN

Frederick	Mr. BARRY JONES
William	Mr. RONALD SQUIRE
Mr. Raham	Mr. KYNASTON REEVES
Victoria	MISS ISABEL JEANS

Victoria, and Mr. SQUIRE who returns from the Great War to find his old friend married to his own widow and fathering his babe. And the lady? the beautiful Miss ISABEL JEANS, always in wonderful gowns, has not had to wait for this revival to prove that she is an accomplished actress also. Her radiance, her shimmering walk, her voice which has the pleasing and sophisticated jangle of ice in a champagne-bucket—these things accord to perfection with Mr. MAUGHAM's lady who in the end quits both her husbands in favour of an older lover possessed of greater riches and that *maximum bonum*, a Rolls-Royce car.

And yet, does it all seem a little out-

dated? It does. Was the management tempted to this revival because it was presumed to be timely as well as witty, because there is talk in it of coal-shortage and of a dearth of luxuries like sugar, butter, and servants? If so, it was the worst of reasons, since these repeated references chill us to-day where they are so obviously meant to amuse. But, still more fundamentally, does the comedy retain those qualities of elegance, wit, and style or even that sparkle of sheer fun for which it was instantaneously acclaimed just over twenty years ago? Disconcertingly, it doesn't.

What is to blame for this? Nothing but time. A famous playwright in a preface to his collected stage-pieces has declared his to be the most ephemeral of all the arts: "As to plays in prose, I cannot think of a single serious one that has held the stage; a few comedies have remained, but they are amusing only in the fashionable sense of the word as wax-flowers in a glass-case or tinsel pictures are 'amusing.' They are national monuments and are acted from a sense of duty or with an educational object . . . But their interest is archaeological, one laughs at their humours with difficulty, from the outside and not as a participant in the play, and it is only in a scene here and there that life remains. They are part of literature, but only by courtesy part of the theatre. For wit too, which is the most delicate flower of civilization, is ephemeral." One must protest that it is no strained courtesy which keeps SHERIDAN and GOLDSMITH, CONGREVE and FARQUHAR (to name no others) a living part of our theatre when we have players to play them. *Genuine* prose wit is almost as good a preservative as poetry. But then perhaps Mr. MAUGHAM in that preface—yes, it was Mr. MAUGHAM himself—was being so sourly provocative on purpose. When he prefaced the dozen or so of plays he thought worth printing—*Home and Beauty* is one of them—he wrote: "The day before yesterday's newspaper is not more dead than the play of twenty years ago." Playgoers must go to the Playhouse to find out whether or not this is true. A. D.

On the Other Side of the Sun

ONE of our members strolled into the Billiards Club the other day and stood in front of the book-case, for we have a book-case there, although we don't so much read in the Billiards Club as talk about one thing and another. He wasn't actually going to read either: his eye merely rested on one of the books, because he happened to be standing in front of it and was tired and wanted a drink: it was an old book called *On the Other Side of the Sun*.

"On the other side of the sun," he said, more to himself than to anyone. "I wonder what's there?"

It was not a profound remark, but I think most of us find we have no actual need of profound remarks in a club. The remark was nothing out of the ordinary and, but for Jorkens, we should none of us have taken the matter up. But Jorkens, raising his voice, as I thought, a little, so as to be heard by Terbut, suddenly said: "I have been there."

Terbut's head started up, and with the light of victory in his eyes, the light of victory come after long waiting, said: "You have been there?"

"Oh, yes," said Jorkens.

"When, may I ask?" said Terbut.

"Six months ago," answered Jorkens.

Terbut smiled. He knew that six months ago almost to a day Jorkens had been in the Billiards Club, and he knew he could check this by consulting the hall-porter.

"That is very interesting," said Terbut.

"It is rather," said Jorkens.

"Look here," said Terbut, "we can't verify all your stories, but we can verify this one. Don't you think it is about time that you proved one of them?"

"Yes," said Jorkens. "I'll make an affidavit before a magistrate."

"We needn't bring the law into it," said Terbut.

And suddenly some of us guessed what Terbut was going to do: he had lost a bet of £5 to Jorkens over a matter of the distance from Blackfriars Bridge to Westminster Bridge, and we thought he was going to try to get it back. And sure enough he was. Barely had the thought crossed my mind when he said to Jorkens: "If you care to bet a fiver on it, we can have the thing gone into. If not..."

"Right," said Jorkens.

And we all of us saw the bet duly registered in a book which we keep for



that purpose—that Jorkens had been to the other side of the sun. I must say I thought Terbut might win; and yet, knowing Jorkens as I do, I had a feeling that Terbut would not find it too easy.

"You have witnesses, I suppose?" said Terbut.

"Oh, yes," said Jorkens. "But let's see your fiver first."

Terbut drew out all kinds of coins and notes, and Jorkens produced a fiver, crisp and white and new. I admit that the thought crossed my mind, when I saw that fiver, that Jorkens may have had it all ready for just such a bet as this.

"My first witness will be the hall-porter," said Terbut. "And yours?"

We turned from face to face like people watching lawn-tennis. We were

all gazing at Jorkens now, wondering what was coming.

"I am only calling one witness," said Jorkens.

"Went with you to the other side of the sun?" asked Terbut.

"Oh, yes," said Jorkens. "Six months ago."

"And who is he?" asked Terbut.

"The Astronomer Royal," said Jorkens.

"The Ast..." began Terbut. And then he said "Oh, well, I suppose I've got to pay."

And pay he did, though with a very bad grace. And then Terbut said a great deal more, which it would do no good to repeat. And some of us got the idea that we had travelled a lot further than most people might suppose.

ANON.



"Whenever I can I wash in rain-water."

Our Booking-Office

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

Emily Brontë

MR. C. W. HATFIELD, an American scholar, has been working for over twenty years on the complicated task of producing a satisfactory edition of EMILY BRONTË's poems. His difficulties are set forth in the introduction to this volume (*The Complete Poems of Emily Brontë*. Edited from the manuscripts by C. W. HATFIELD. OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS, 18/6), and everyone interested in EMILY BRONTË will be grateful to him for the skill and patience with which he has overcome them. But his book is for the student rather than for the ordinary person, who will be confused by the alternative readings attached to many of the poems, and chilled by the letters and numerals with which, for bibliographical purposes, the poems are headed. Perhaps no other system was possible, but it certainly takes some of the edge off such a poem as

"O God of heaven! the dream of horror,
The frightful dream is over now . . ."

to have it docketed under D4, as though it were a sub-section in an income-tax assessment form.

As often happens with specialists, Mr. HATFIELD is not very alive to the non-technical aspects of his subject. It is as easy to distinguish LONGFELLOW from WORDSWORTH as CHARLOTTE BRONTË from EMILY; yet, merely because the original manuscripts are missing, which is not surprising in view of all the vicissitudes EMILY's manuscripts have suffered, Mr. HATFIELD ascribes to CHARLOTTE the two stanzas ending in the intensely characteristic "Strange Power! I trust thy might; trust thou my constancy," and the poem, "Often rebuked, and always back returning," which most fully expresses EMILY's solitude in life and the consolation she found in nature.

Many of EMILY's poems were written about an island

called Gondal, which she had invented and peopled in her early teens. Mr. HATFIELD has prefaced his book with an essay on this imaginary realm by Miss FANNIE RATCHFORD. In the opinion of Miss RATCHFORD, the fact that so many of EMILY's poems have a Gondal setting "turns into nonsense the hundreds of pages of Brontë biography based on the subjective interpretation of her poems." The extreme suffering in much of EMILY BRONTË's poetry has led to many surmises about what may have caused it. Some of these surmises are far-fetched, but none of them is so improbable as the suggestion that she was unable to transform the fanciful creations of her childhood into embodiments of later feelings and experience.

H. K.

France Fights On.

Dunkirk, four o'clock in the morning of May 31st, 1940; and Major D. BARLONE, of what was left of the 2nd North African Division, was churning through heavy shelling in a small Breton boat, filled with hay and melinite, towards Dover, discipline and tea. A night in the train to Plymouth, and he was back in France. No doubt there would be Dunkirks at every French port from Nantes to Nice and two million men embarked for the colonies. Undefeated and demobilized, it was a bewildered but determined veteran who heard DE GAULLE's appeal. He got away—via Casablanca—and *A French Officer's Diary* (CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS, 7/6), which opens with his mobilization, closes with his return to London in October 1940. Unedited as to its speculations and judgments no less than to its actual feats, here is a sensitive and detailed picture of brave and faithful allies betrayed by fools and rogues. Here, for instance, is the Maginot Line, horrifyingly lacking in depth; and a Lorraine village beyond it, where poilus, waiting for the Boche, milk cows, dig potatoes, shake down walnuts, make plum-brandy 'out of mirabelles, and sing, "young, tanned, clean-shaven and aglow with faith," at Mass: a typical juxtaposition of France at her worst and France at her very best.

H. P. E.

A Flash Murderer

"Yes, sir, even in Newgate I am a gentleman. The prison regulations are that we should each in turn sweep the yard. There are a baker and a sweep here besides myself; but, sir, they have never offered me the broom." In that characteristic remark, in that passion for recognized gentility which besets those uneasy about their claims may perhaps be found the clue to *Thomas Griffiths Wainewright*, whom Mr. JOHN LINDSEY calls in his biography *A Suburban Gentleman* (RICH AND COWAN, 12/6). JOHN THURBELL, a contemporary, was called the King of the Flashmen, and in a higher walk of society *Wainewright* might have borne the same title. His ambition was to cut a figure in the world as a brilliant amateur, scorning payment for the trifles, whether articles or pictures, that he dashed off on the spur of the moment. He was far from being without talent; he appreciated the company of his illustrious fellow-contributors to the *London Magazine*, headed by HAZLITT and LAMB; he had something of the light intimate touch which makes the essayist. As Janus Weathercock, Egomet Bonmot and Van Vinkbooms, ringing the changes on his impersonations and puffing one in the writings of the other, he could be flippant and amusing. Had he been less proud of his gentility and prouder of the fact that LAMB called him "a clever writer" and his prose "capital," he might conceivably have prospered, but he utterly lacked stability of purpose in all but murdering. There he was business-like enough and did attain some success. Whatever his skill his luck was

beyond question, for he poisoned his uncle, his mother-in-law and his sister-in-law and escaped with transportation for an insignificant forgery. He was as cold-blooded as WILLIAM PALMER himself (with the same weakness for strychnine), for he killed people he did not even dislike, purely for the money necessary to bolster up his gigantic egotism. He was fond of cats and kind to poor JOHN CLARE, and that is all the good to be said of him. Mr. LINDSEY tries hard to make him interesting in a biography which consists perhaps a little too largely of imaginative reconstruction; but the man is too frothy and somehow lacks the solid and formidable quality of a great murderer.

B. D.

War Over America

The trouble with Miss V. SACKVILLE-WEST's "cautionary tale" of an America that made peace with the Reich over Britain's corpse is not that it is unlikely—the authoress herself jettisons the likelihood in her preface—but that the theme is not a propitious one for Miss SACKVILLE-WEST. Here you have a woman who can render our countryside with unique honesty and grace lavishing herself, when we need and deserve a breath of the Kentish Weald, on a gigantesque, cinema-shaped plot in which a delicate, rather elaborate, criticism of life is dismembered and drowned by the clatter of "property" battles and their concomitant scene-shifting. *Grand Canyon* (JOSEPH, 8/6) relates the fortunes of a sophisticated pair of English exiles and their cosmopolitan fellow-guests in a luxurious Arizona hotel near which are about to take place the all-America air manoeuvres. The manager of the hotel, a Nazi, has his orders. All over America similar quiskings await similar instructions. And when death has descended at their bidding, a shadowy immortality in the Canyon itself allows *Herr Royer's* victims—their ears still attuned to American radio—to listen and comment while the last of the free nations goes under.

H. P. E.

Princes of India

In *Royal India* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 18/-) Mrs. MAUD DIVER steps outside what is known as British India into some of the more important princely States. It is a refreshing change. We are in an atmosphere of sincere friendship, confidence, and understanding. Internal settlement, too; even the two everlastingly hostile religions seem to get on together without biting. The States described vary enormously in size and character. Hyderabad is nearly as large as France. Kashmir is one of the loveliest of countries. The Mahrattas, a restless and warlike people, occupy some 25,000 square miles of rocky plain and hill. But all appear to have one thing in common, a sagacious modernization. One reads of water brought with immense difficulty to a thirsty land, of roads and railways, sometimes of docks. Education is looked after. And this is all due to the driving force of the ruling Princes, nearly always in the teeth of intrigue and opposition. Nor has it been pushed too far. On ceremonial occasions the lordly elephant will still appear in procession, painted and adorned up to the eyes. Without being invidious, no doubt the two States of greatest appeal over here are Kashmir for its beauty and Rajputana, land of kings and home of chivalry, for two personalities who are especially endeared to us, that splendid old knight, Sir PRATAP SINGH, and—RANJ. Both, with others throughout India, are justly honoured by Mrs. DIVER, and the life-story of the latter, who at the early age of five was hidden away in charge of a British officer for fear of arsenic, is an Eastern romance. The main impression left by *Royal India* is that there were

big men in India yesterday, and are to-day; whether such are likely to come to the surface in Parliament is a question. In this respect, readers should study the last chapter. This country is bound in honour to preserve the independence of the States. A free (British?) India will be ambitious to absorb them. Among themselves they are not united, except that they intend to remain unabsorbed. It is not a comfortable thought.

J. K.

The U.S.A. at War

Major-General J. F. C. FULLER has a long list of important war-books to his credit, and the latest—*The Decisive Battles of the United States* (HUTCHINSON, 18/-)—is a thorough and complete survey of all the important battles in which the U.S.A. figured between the days of WASHINGTON and PERSHING. Originally the book was planned to cover an even wider field, starting with CORTES and the founding of the first colonies, but war conditions stood in the way of so formidable an enterprise. General FULLER has drawn a good deal upon two former volumes—*Decisive Battles: Their Influence on History and Civilization* and *The Generalship of Ulysses S. Grant*—for those parts of his book that deal with the War of Independence and the Civil War. He begins with an Introduction, explaining clearly and comprehensively the events that led up to the "Boston Tea-Party" of 1773, the Bill of Rights, and the first skirmish at Lexington. From that point onwards our author proceeds with an orderly and continuous story, following each separate chapter with a synopsis and a list of authorities consulted. He deals in turn with the many clashes with Indians, the troubles with Mexico, culminating with the battles of San Jacinto, Contreras and Chapultepec, and the addition to the United States of Texas, Southern California and New Mexico. This conquest, he points out, led indirectly to the Civil War of 1861–65. His story of that great contest fills about one-third of the book. Then comes the sinking of the *Maine* and the Spanish War of 1898, and finally, the entrance of America into the Great War in 1917. This book should be of great interest not only to military students but to all intelligent readers. For indeed are we not all, perforce, military students to-day?

L. W.



Rack and Ruin

"I'M thankful to see you. I can't tell you what it's like, lying here."

"I'm so sorry. Are you in pain?"

"Oh dear no. No pain at all. But of course I'm in despair."

"But why? The doctor is delighted with you, and the nurse says you're getting on splendidly, and you look so much better already. And it seems such a very nice hospital."

"Oh, there's nothing wrong with the hospital. Nothing whatever. The question is, what's happening at home? I suppose the whole house is upside-down?"

"Well, it wasn't yesterday when I was there. I had tea with your husband and the children, and—"

"Tea! I suppose there was nothing for anyone to eat."

"We had a very good tea, thank you. I thought the children looked so well."

"Ah, they always cry themselves to sleep when I'm away. That's one of the things that's driving me mad."

"They didn't look as though they—"

"Probably you wouldn't know. But I'm certain they do. And how did poor John seem?"

"Very much as usual. I mean, of course he's anxious about you, but he said it was such a relief to know you were really having a rest at last."

"He always pretends not to be upset. But, really, I'm simply terrified of his doing something desperate, he must miss me so frightfully. And the servants? I'm sure they're keeping it from me that the servants have given notice."

"I didn't get that impression."

"Naturally, they wouldn't say anything about it. And oh, dear, you know we meant to get up an entertainment in the village for the Red Cross next month? I can't possibly get home in time to rehearse it."

"They'll miss you dreadfully, of course, but I believe a Mrs. Ratsbane is—"

"Mrs. Ratsbane!!"

"I thought that was her name."

"Oh, it's her name all right. But you don't mean to tell me she's trying to get up the entertainment?"

"They said it was going on all right."

"They must be mad. All of them. Mad as hatters. The whole thing will go to rack and ruin. To begin with, who's to do the dressing? They rely absolutely on me for that."

"Yes, I know. But they—"

"They'd better give the whole thing up. It need only be postponed, after all. I can't be kept here much longer."

"I was going to say—"

"I know, I know, but it's so dreadfully disappointing for them all. And there's another, much worse thing. You know the war?"

"The war?"

"Yes. This war we're fighting now. Well, between ourselves, I've been given an extremely important job to do in the village in the event of an invasion. And I should like to know what's going to happen if they turn up while I'm just lying here."

"Does Hitler know you're just lying here?"

"Please don't try to be funny. The

whole thing is extremely serious. I have a fearful number of responsibilities, and here I am, incapacitated, and everything going to rack and ruin without me—"

"No, no."

"It must be. Nobody else knows where the key of the drawing-room clock is, or about sending on the picture papers to the Club every Wednesday, or where to forward Aunt May's letters, if Aunt May has any letters—which I must say she never has—or what to do if the poor cat should have another fit."

"Do you think you ought to get so excited?"

"I'm perfectly calm. But, naturally, it's utterly distracting to think of everything going to—"

"Don't tell me. Rack and ruin."

"Did you hear anything about the Social for the Nursing Association? I suppose they've put it off, and they'll all be so wretched."

"Why should they put it off?"

"Why should they put it off? My dear, I've run that whole programme for years and years! Although I do say it myself, they'd be completely lost without me."

"I hope you won't have a relapse if I tell you, but I believe they've formed a committee and are getting on splendidly."

"I'm sure I'm delighted to hear it. Delighted. Ha-ha-ha!"

"No, I'm really very sorry, but she isn't to be allowed any more visitors for the present. They seem to send her temperature up." E. M. D.



NOTICE.—Contributions or Communications requiring an answer should be accompanied by a stamped and addressed Envelope or Wrapper.

The entire copyright in all Articles, Sketches, Drawings, etc., published in PUNCH is specifically reserved to the Proprietors throughout the countries signatory to the BERNE CONVENTION, the U.S.A., and the Argentine. Reproductions or imitations of any of these are therefore expressly forbidden. The Proprietors will, however, always consider any request from authors of literary contributions for permission to reprint.

CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY.—This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions, namely, that it shall not, without the written consent of the publishers first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade except at the full retail price of 6d.; and that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorised cover by way of Trade; or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

Have you heard about
The **TAYLORSUIT**
and ELECTRO-THERMAL
EQUIPMENT?



It's the latest and most comprehensive flying suit yet evolved—as near perfection as we can get it.

The Taylorsuit is a "safety suit" and an essential part of equipment. It has been designed to give comfort, freedom of movement, warmth, electric heating, buoyancy, fire resistance, quickness of removal. Booklet describing "The Taylorsuit" may be obtained direct from the manufacturers, who would post it to you "Care of" your Station Adjutant.

The Taylorsuit incorporates features covered by Irvin Patent No. 407445 and other patents pending.

**BAXTER, WOODHOUSE
& TAYLOR, LTD.**

QUEEN'S BUILDINGS, STOCKPORT



THE UNDYING TRUTH

The Truths that Confucius taught his eager pupils of years ago cannot lose their eternal verity, although the whole structure of civilisation seems transformed by scientific discovery and mechanical invention.

Behind the machine still stands human thought and human craftsmanship, dealing with new problems by the old rules. It remains as true as ever it was that it is not the tools that make for great achievement, but those who wield them.

If a Business is to grow it must have in its Constitution something more than mere Commercialism.

THE CHATWOOD SECURITY

The Chatwood Safe Co. Ltd.
BANKERS' ENGINEERS

HEAD OFFICE: SHREWSBURY, ENGLAND

Teleg. Chatwood, Shrewsbury. Tel. Shrewsbury 4001
London, Manchester, Glasgow, Bombay.

From AUSTINS
to AUSTIN owners



GIVE YOUR CAR A SQUARE DEAL

Sometimes the very dependability of an Austin leads its owner to neglect it. The Austin seems to call for no attention—and so gets none. Probably it will go on taking you about your war work without a squeak or grumble—for Austins are made that way. But how much better for your car—and the war effort—to make certain.

DON'T IGNORE IGNITION. Periodically clean sparking plugs, distributor electrodes, contact breaker points, dynamo and starting motor commutators and carbon brushes. Adjust plug and contact breaker gaps. Your handbook tells you how. Keep battery topped up and terminals clean. Now and then have specific gravity of acid tested. If ignition needs further attention see your Austin dealer early.

Keep your
AUSTIN
fighting fit

Read the Austin Magazine—4d. mthly. AUSTIN MOTOR CO. LTD., BIRMINGHAM

S.D. 178

Why you cannot buy Anglepoise
in the Shops....



So thoroughly efficient is the lamp of 1001 angles—that industry to-day takes every single one. In humming machine shop, busy drawing office and workroom Anglepoise takes pride of place. But the general public will come into its own . . . some day—and we shall be ready.

Sole Makers: HERBERT TERRY & SONS, LTD., REDDITCH

The **TERRY** ANGLEPOISE LAMP
Pat. all countries.



**Ready
for
Anything**

Yes, he'll be ready for the future when the world has turned the corner. His parents made sure when they brought him up on COW & GATE Milk Food. By maintaining supplies, COW & GATE offers the same precious hope for your baby too.

Send threepence in stamps to COW & GATE LTD. (Dept. P.), Guildford, for pattern of this attractive cap.

©3129

COW & GATE MILK FOOD
"Babies love it."

Tri-ang TOYS
FOR GIRLS AND BOYS
L.B. LTD. London

The popular British Cigar with the mild Havana flavour.

CARASADA INTERMEZZOS

Elegant shape 5 1/4 inches long, as illustrated.

Box of 25 for 25/-

(4 other sizes available)

GREEN'S LTD.,
Cigar Importers,
37 & 38, Royal Exchange,
Cornhill, London, E.C.3

Barling PIPE CRAFT



Under present conditions it is impossible to meet all demands, and users of Barling Pipes should, therefore, take great care of their present ones.

When obtainable, prices are:
Index of Sizes Standard or S.S. 8-M. L. E.L. clearly marked 10/6 13/6 16/6 20/-
marked Ye Olde Wood S.S. 8-M. L. E.L. on stem. Selected Grains 15/6 18/6 21/6 25/-
B. BARLING & SONS, LONDON, N.W.1 (Est. 1812),
"Makers of the World's Finest Pipes"



Last year, thanks to the warning we issued about the shortage of books—and thanks to the heed that was paid to it—most of our customers were able without undue difficulty to make a satisfactory selection for their Christmas presents.

This year we issue an even more urgent warning, for not only are there fewer books available, but, because of the greater scarcity of other types of gifts, more people than ever will be choosing books. Therefore, we urge those of our



customers who have always realized the advantages of books as presents, to shop early—and by shopping early we do not mean just a week or two before Christmas. You cannot start too soon. Start now.

W.H. SMITH & SON, Ltd. Head Office: STRAND HOUSE, LONDON W.C.2

The cocker's right—his pal the Scottie is a lucky dog because his master is a long-standing "Chappie" customer. So Scottie is still getting, to some extent, what is best for him. For, although "Chappie" is rationed, we are doing and will continue to do our best to see that you get your fair share of the limited supplies available.

Vets, breeders and other experts will tell you that "Chappie" is the ideal all-round food for dogs—the



AREN'T YOU A LUCKY DOG!

complete scientifically balanced diet that contains what they need to keep them fit and happy.

If, however, you have been unable to obtain "Chappie," we suggest you make this resolution: when conditions again permit the manufacture of sufficient "Chappie" to cope with the demand, your dog shall enjoy the full benefit of a "Chappie" diet.

"CHAPPIE" DOG FOOD. In air-tight jars—10d. From Grocers, Corn Chandlers, Pet Shops, Chemists and all good Stores.



"CHAPPIE" DOG FOOD

"Now abideth Faith, Hope and Charity"

"The Greatest of These..."

The Church Army always endeavours to spread the feeling of good-fellowship between all. This Christmas it is making a special effort to bring to others that little extra cheer and comfort associated with the season.

Through the Church Army Huts, Hostels, Clubs and Canteens it will serve thousands of Service men and women.

It will also help the poor, the aged, the motherless children, the air raid victims and others.

Comprehensive work this. Will you please help with a liberal Christmas Gift?

Cheques, P.O.s, etc., will be thankfully acknowledged by—

CHURCH ARMY
FIGHTING FOR THE LOST

55 BRYANSTON ST., LONDON, W.1



CURICONES FOR LUMBAGO
AND ALL RHEUMATIC AFFECTIONS.
DOCTORS USE IT

CLOCHES for GIFTS

A set of Chase Cloches will help your garden-friends to GROW MORE FOOD without increase of space, secure fresh vegetables the year round, save seed, protect and speed-up crops. Here's a selection—

'SMALL TENT' PATTERN
Trial Set (14 Cloches), 21/6 (Scotland, 23/-).
'LOW BARN' PATTERN
Half Set (10 Cloches), 28/6 (Scotland, 41/-).
Full Set (20 Cloches), 67/6 (Scotland, 72/6).

Chase CONTINUOUS CLOCHES

Full Gift Price List and details on request.
CHASE CULTIVATION LTD., ABBEY ROAD, CHERTSEY



Built-to-last

**BATTERIES for EVERY PURPOSE
on Land, Sea, and in the Air**

OLDHAM & SON LTD., DENTON, MANCHESTER. EST. 1865
G.P. 3655



"You've done your shopping early this morning, my dear."
"Yes, and I've been fortunate—I've got this tin of Mansion Polish. I'm so pleased because my hubby is coming home on leave, and a rub of 'Mansion' makes the house so bright and cheery to step into."

The restricted supply of all polishes calls for economy in the use of

MANSSION
ANTISEPTIC WAX **POLISH**

When using, remember that a little only is needed to keep the home bright, clean and healthy.

FOR FLOORS, FURNITURE AND LINOLEUM

Chiswick Products Ltd., London, W.4

MP/PX

*Stock up
for colder days*



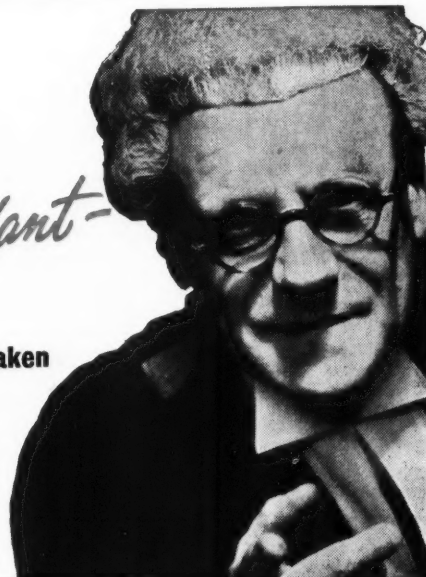
**Batchelor's
WINDSOR SOUP**

HIGHLY CONCENTRATED
NUTRITIOUS • DELICIOUS

*P.S. Don't forget Batchelor's
Baked Beans in
Tomato Sauce!*

*And
defendant—*

should have taken
wiser safety
precautions
by fitting...



FERODO



BRAKE LININGS

FERODO BRAKE LININGS
MAKE MOTORING SAFE

REGD. TRADE MARK
FERODO



Abdullas

for choice

The most popular brands are:

- "VIRGINIA" No. 7
- TURKISH No. 11
- "EGYPTIAN" No. 16

HEALTH AND FOOD RATIONS

THE MINERALS WE NEED FROM OUR MEALS

Most people know that iron is a good tonic; but how many know that the body needs at least twelve minerals—including such surprising things as zinc, copper and magnesium—to keep it healthy?

There is no need to worry, however, for a normal diet of natural food supplies all the minerals necessary. The only ones of which you are at all likely to run short are calcium and iron, and occasionally phosphorus.

Children in particular need a generous supply of calcium; rickets is the result of an insufficiency of this mineral. Phosphorus, too, is important since the two go into partnership to build bones and teeth. Both these minerals are obtained from milk, cheese, sardines. Calcium is present as well in cabbage and watercress; phosphorus, in cereals, fish and eggs.

Lack of iron results in anaemia and is most important in the diet of children, especially growing girls. Get your iron supply from liver, National Wheatmeal bread, dried fruits and vegetables, particularly peas and beans.

This is one of a series of announcements issued in support of the Government's food policy by the makers of

CROOKES'

HALIBUT LIVER OIL

